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## Handel's "L'Allegro, Il Pensieroso, ed Il Moderato."

[Translated for this Journal from the German of CHRYSANDER.]

In the original manuscript the beginning is marked: "L'Allegro, il Pensieroso ed il Moderato. Part 1. [Jan. 14, 1730.] —At the end of the First Part stands: "Fine della parte prima [Jan. 25, 1740.] —At the end of the Second Part: "Fine della parte 2da [Fevrier 2, 1740.] —At the end of the Third Part: "S. D. G.—G F Handel Fevrier. 4, 1740. h 9 dito" [i. e. all filled out on the 9th of February.] So the composition was completed in 22 days.

The text of the first two parts is, everybody knows, by MILTON; but that of the last part was newly added by Charles Jennens. Jennens's part in it we learn from a letter of Handel's, written to him from Dublin (Dec. 29, 1841), in which he assures him that "the words to the *Moderato* were very much admired" there. It seems probable enough that Jennens first called his attention to the subject and suggested the musical division, as Hamilton had done before with regard to *Alexander's Feast*; and yet the first impulse may very well have proceeded from the composer himself, as well as the division of the text. At all events so much is certain, that the very wealthy and respectable Jennens was one of the men who, just in those days of inward and outward trial, closely attached themselves to Handel; in the whole world at that time, probably, he could have found no better friend and counsellor than the man who now prompted the *Allegro*, and soon afterwards the *Messiah*.

Milton sets the joyful and the melancholy mood side by side as two separate pictures, aiming at no farther connection than the general antithesis between them. One mood expresses itself fully and completely before the other comes to words; thus they form two poems, but corresponding in form, in organic distribution and proportions. With Handel, on the contrary, they are united and offset in sixteen portions, eight for each mood of feeling, gaining alternately on one another as they proceed. Then in the third part the *Moderato* has the floor alone and brings it to a close. The plan here, then, is very clearly rounded, consistent, and far more artistic than with Milton. The only question is, whether the sense and spirit of the poem have not suffered by it. On this point I submit what follows.

Milton wrote the poem at his father's country seat (about 1633-37), in the transition period from youth to manhood, from studies to actual life, when heart and mind, driven this way and that way in undecided moods and strivings, were seeking for an anchor. In his bosom thronged and heaved the waves of that fermenting and distracted age; the light-hearted, merry old England, and the grim earnest of up-striving Puritanism: antagonisms, which had a peculiarly melancholy influence on Milton from the fact, that his imagination, steeped in learning, withdrew him from the active present life into the field of the Middle Ages and Antiquity. He was no Greek, no secret Catholic; but he was so learned that the scale of knowledge kept the scale of life long hovering in the air. Out of such moods were these mood-poems born. He did not portray two persons, but only the distracted tendencies of one

and the same mind,—rôles which he had himself played and in the conflict between which he was still entangled. . . . Anxious wavering for a deep soul like his! and only to be mastered when the full power of intellect as clear as day should lead him into the stream of active life.

The pictures, in both poems, are arranged in such an order, that you rise from landscape to the human. The cheerful man steps out into the smiling morn; he enjoys the many-voiced early music of the country life, the warbling lark, the crowing cock, the clucking hen, the distant peal and bellow of the hunt, the piping shepherd, the singing milk-maid, a whole pastoral Symphony in short. Then there unroll before his eyes the manifold traits of lovely Nature, softly melting into one another, mountains and valleys, mists and clouds, grass and flowers, brooks and streams, and whatever else belongs to the much sung topics, which poetry in its childish Spring, as in its childish Winter, is alike fond of treating. Rejoicing in life the wanderer overhears Corydon and Thyrsis at their savory meal, which the neat Phyllis has prepared; and in the afternoon he runs till he is weary, and, after watching in the evening the dance of the young people, and listening to the quaint stories of the old folks, perhaps too tasting of the "spicy nut-brown ale," he goes contentedly to bed, "by whisp'ring winds soon lulled asleep." On the next morning we go to the city, into the "busy hum of men," to the brilliant festivities—

Where throngs of knights, and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold.

Nor must the theatre be neglected, where besides "learned Jonson," also reigns "sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child," who "warbles his native wood-notes wild." The praise of Music ends the poem.

The pensive dreamer, on the other side, enjoys by moonlight the mournful music of the nightingale and of the evening bell; or, if the air do not permit it, he remains in the chamber of his lonely house, the gloom half broken by the glowing embers, its stillness only animated by the cricket on the hearth, or "the bellman's drowsy charm, to bless the doors from nightly harm." Over his lamp he sits studying and thinking into midnight; his eyes looks upward to the shining stars, which his soul peoples with the forms of a higher life. After he has held conversation, like Doctor Faust, with the demons of Nature, he returns to his dear books, from which Poetry, new risen in her old majesty, salutes him. The heroes of the Attic tragedy appear before him, —the Seven before Thebes, the race of Pelops, the warriors on the Scamander,—and, while he admires them, he laments that the modern stage has so little of like worth to offer. He is better contented with the native poetry; he places Chaucer on a level with Musaeus, and praises the romance of chivalry with its high sense of honor, its fidelity and virtue; for that he calls the true poetic art, "where more is meant than meets the ear." So the night passes in admiring contemplation of the high and noble; a cloudy morning breaks, the winds sigh and groan, and the rain drips mournfully. Nevertheless the sun surmounts the clouds, and the poet flies before his "flaring beams" into the "twilight grove." There he falls asleep by the brook, to dream of something "strange, mysterious,"—against which in sooth a sober, but well-meaning criticism should

warn him: it has rained in the morning, and under the trees it does not dry again so quickly.

When he wakes, the genius of the mood has lovely music played to him by unseen artists; amid their sounds he strolls to the old cloister church; here he not only thinks with reverence of the industrious monks; the youthful Puritan even becomes inspired by the "dim religious light" of the stained window panes, and falls into an artistic enthusiasm which almost savors of Catholicism. Nay, he goes so far that he is disposed to seek a "mossy cell," put on the "hairy gown," in short become a "peaceful hermit"; in which character he proposes (here again the English enlightenment breaks through the strange infatuation) to study Botany and Astronomy:

Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

In the two pictures a deeply thoughtful mind has fixed for itself two far-reaching goals. With these the poem has reached its perfect end, and in the sense of its inventor there is nothing further to be added. The only possible, the only natural outlet was that into a *life of action*, according to the direction which the spirit now should take; already it was the first step into this new domain which called forth the divided feeling. The two moods do not run together into any third mood as their point of union, but into active real life, as different characters, forever separate. Therefore "Moderation" could not bring about the reconciliation; only life could do it; not contemplation, but deeds. Gladness and Melancholy are symptoms of a vigorous soul; moderation would be mediocrity. And herein lies the unpoetic nature of the addition by Jennens; read according to Milton, the concluding moral of a rich English land-owner, whose inherited abundance points to nothing but a golden mean, and whose only real problem is to keep the balance in the lazy course of an inactive life, makes a disheartening impression.\*

Considered as a text for music, the case presents itself quite differently. Let us first hear the music. In it Milton's poem appears not only differently divided, but also considerably shortened; of the 152 lines of the *Allegro* 40, and of the 176 of the *Pensieroso* 57, are stricken out,—that is to say a third part of the whole. In one place two lines are expanded into four; in another, four are contracted into two; here and there the first words of the new sections are changed; lines which are convenient for taking in at a glance and for musical rounding off, are repeated strophe-like; the rest, with all the learned allusions and all the mythological and pastoral names, is word for word retained; all for deep musical considerations, precisely as in *Israel in Egypt*, in the passages rewritten with the aid of Jennens. For the mere reading, as a pure poetic work, the poem could not be more completely disturbed, than it has been through this musical text; but even as a text for music, it is in its way most inconceivable. One must waive all outward claims—one of which

\* A poem of remote antiquity underwent a remarkably similar addition. I mean the book of Job, which, although internally harmonious, also presented a divided exterior, which a later poet sought to smooth over through Elihu's epilogues (from Chapt. 32 onward). Milton's and Jennens's poems, had they been written in antiquity, would surely in the course of time have become united, like the book of Job, into one work.

s the natural desire to find some poetic satisfaction in the reading of a text for music—and take the matter simply as it is, allow the verbal sketch first to shape itself out through music, and in that form to work upon his artistic sensibility; then there will arise marvellous ideal edifice, a little world in itself, in which all is full of meaning and connection.

The *Pensieroso* is represented by Soprano and an Alto, the *Allegro* by a Tenor, a Bass and a Boy Soprano; the *Moderato* begins in the Bass, and closes with a Duet for Soprano and Tenor. Handel made various changes afterwards. It did not occur to him to do what surely would have been to Milton's taste,—assign the gay, light-minded part to the female sex as such. Nor can we, on the other, suppose him to have intended any glorification of the "ever Womanly," for he pays no regard to sexual characteristics. He chose the voices purely from musical considerations; not the "ever Womanly," but the "ever Human" was the star, on which he fixed his eye his whole life long, and only from this starting point he penetrated into the depths of the human breast. To each of the three persons is attached a Chorus, to give expansion to the picture at fit places.

The two days, which form the period of both parts of Milton's poem, are clearly separated as two parts in Handel's work. The first part begins, like *Israel in Egypt*, without any Overture; but we know from the announcements, and from the libretto that an Orchestral Concerto, a so-called *Concerto-grosso* ("a new Concerto for several instruments") preceded. A similar "new Concerto" introduced the second part, and "a new Concerto on the Organ" the third part.

*Allegro* opens the round with a very remarkable accompanied Recitative, rich in modulation, in which he chases away the vexing, importuning shapes of Melancholy, and gains ground for Cheerfulness.

Then *Pensieroso* in like manner denounces "vain deluding joys," which threaten to ensnare him, as the light and gaily flowing prelude shows; his little Recitative, however, does not come up to that of the *Allegro*. Here at the outset the *Allegro* is evidently the more powerful, more conscious of his power, and hence of more intrinsic weight. And now he comes on with his rosy, heart opening and heart-winning song to Euphrosyne: "Come, thou Goddess fair and free," which by its infinitely free and easy carriage gives us a presentiment of the whole power of the personality, in which such moods prevail.

Then *Pensieroso*, also, appeals to his Goddess, to "divinest Melancholy," in large wavy lines of melody, in style well suited to a mind all buried in itself, deep brooding and yet beautiful.

Still the *Allegro* keeps the upperhand, and goes now a step further, summoning about him the whole court retinue of Mirth:

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wretched smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek,  
Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And laughter, holding both his sides.

The wide door of joy is open, the crowd pours in, and involuntarily the Air: "Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youthful Jollity," is taken up by the chorus, and sung and laughed out heartily. This is the first time that the chorus comes in; how unforced, how life-like its behavior! Overhearing such rich jests and laughter, it cannot help joining in the fun. So they all laugh, each in his own way, here with a girlish giggle, there with a comfortable sound out of a full manly breast. Those well acquainted with this piece,—which all the world should know and sing—admire the fine

passage about "Hebe's cheek" and "dimple sleek," but above all, the bold way of reproducing laughter with such truth to nature both in the solo air and chorus: a da-ing stroke, which only could succeed with one who knows the inmost powers of music, and which must not be classed in the same line with what so-called dramatic composers have attempted on the stage. Here it is something altogether different, it is a stroke of genial inventive freedom on an ideal or purely musical ground, which grass-green naturalists with their dramatic theory can never reach. But since the taste of to-day's public has been chiefly moulded through this latter, and through its feebleness and tameness has become *so philiſtrös*, one even sees the most decidedly *Allegro* natures among us smile at such music in a strange aesthetic manner; to them it seems not quite the proper thing, that they should see for once the jocose side of their own lives in this mirror of the purest art. How this laughing Air must be sung to make the right effect, and how they were early led into the wrong way through unmusical scruples in England, the amiable Michael Kelly tells us in his "Reminiscences." In the year 1789 he was engaged as first tenor for the Ancient Concerts, and here is what he writes about his first appearance:

I was lucky enough to meet with the approbation of Mr. Bates, in the recitative of "sweeter and deeper still;" my next song was the laughing one. Mr. Harrison, my predecessor at those concerts, was a charming singer: his singing "Oit on a plat of rising ground;" his "Lord remember David;" and "Oh e me let us wors up and fall down," breathed pure religion. No Divine from the pulpit, though gifted with the greatest eloquence, could have inspired his auditors with a more perfect sense of duty to their maker than Harrison did by his melodious tones and chaste style; indeed, it was faultless; but in the animated songs of Handel he was very deficient. I heard him sing the laughing song without moving a muscle; and determined, though it was a great risk, to sing it my own way, and the effect produced justified the experiment: instead of singing it with the serious tameness of Harrison, I laughed all through it, as I conceived it ought to be sung, and as must have been the intention of the composer: the infection ran; and their Majesties, and the whole audience, as well as the orchestra, were in a roar of laughter, and a signal was given from the royal box to repeat it, and I sang it again with increased effect.

Mr. Bates assured me, that if I had rehearsed it in the morning, as I sang it at night, he would have prohibited my experiment. I sang it five times in the course of that season by special desire.

Such a free and unrestrained delivery, but at the same time kept within artistic bounds, is here the only right one, and will always be crowned by similar success. In the laughing part in full chorus Handel draws the four voices together upon two parallel *unisono* passages, in thirds, as he is wont to do wherever he would have the sound of Nature ring out strongly, or where (as in the following chorus) a special ease and harmony of motion is intended. Handel, we know, neither succeeded, nor did he care much to succeed, in writing a comic opera, or rather comic parts in an opera: but this laughing scene proves him quite as much a master of expression in the merry vein, as he is in every other mood.

(To be continued.)

#### Inauguration at the Rhenish Conservatory, Cologne.

ADDRESS BY FERDINAND HILLER.

The alterations in the house purchased for the Rhenish Conservatory, and situated in the Wolfsstrasse, Cologne, having been completed, the proper officials were enabled formally to inaugurate it on the 18th April. Invitations for the ceremony were issued to, and accepted by, an audience as select as it was numerous, including the principal Royal and municipal authorities, and the very many lovers of music in the town. The ceremony began with

a "Festmarsch," for pianoforte (for four hands), by the director, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, *Capellmeister*. It was played by Miles L. Kruse and Nennegen. At its termination, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller read the following "introductory words," which we give *in extenso*:

"Ladies and Gentlemen.—The *where* in which, materially speaking, we pass our lives, is, we all know, of the very greatest importance. We dare scarcely speak any longer now-days of our corporeal envelope as the *dwellings-place* of the soul; but however this may be in a physiological sense, in that of appearance and happiness, this residential question is perhaps weightier than any other. 'Fine feathers make fine birds,' people say. We almost feel inclined to believe it, when we see efforts to glorify the most intimate residences of our individuality. Our country, province, town, and village, inhabited by large and small communities, constitute the first basis of our well-being. From the hut of the day laborer to the palace of the prince, what a series is there of the most various phenomena, announcing the wants and pretensions of the inmates. From the workshop of the mechanic to the temples dedicated to art, poetry, and to the Godhead itself, what richness of invention and energy to satisfy, as regards space, the highest thoughts and views as well as the first necessities of mankind! It is not surprising, then, that we approach with the greatest seriousness the erection, choice, or alteration of any edifice, no matter for what purpose it is intended. So much is involved. A building must be not only *fitted* for the occupation to be carried on in it; it must exercise an influence which shall *advance* that occupation. The influence we can require from it I may call a *freedom-giving* influence in the very best acceptation of the words—*freeing* us from every impediment in the way of life-utterances; supplying free breath to the free mind. It is not, therefore, without a certain degree of solemnity that we have assembled here to-day to consecrate the place which has been devoted to the beautiful art of tone, and to its disciples. Works of great masters are to be performed here, and fresh forces are to be trained for the purpose—yes, if possible, new masters shall issue from this school and join the ranks of those who have by their efforts enriched the world with so much happiness and so much joy. From those who come to learn, there shall spring teachers, to spread in ever and ever enlarging circles the comprehension, the practice, and the love of our art. The endlessly varied germs which Nature scatters with reckless indifference will here be fostered with that affectionate assiduity, without which we can hope neither for blossom nor fruit. Never, probably, was there a time when the numbers seeking in music the means of livelihood were so great as at present. Fortunately, the culture of their widely-spread creed furnishes abundant materials for remunerative industry; for it requires the most various workers to satisfy the multitudes of devotees flocking to them for artistic edification. How closely is it interwoven with life, from the smallest family circle, through the joy and sufferings of human destiny, to the revelations of genius addressed to thousands! So absorbing is it, too, that it willingly employs the smallest resources, while the highest do not suffice. Schiller's magnificent words: 'Strive ever towards the Whole! if thou canst thyself not become a Whole, cling to a Whole as a useful member,' find in the practice of no other art so satisfactory an application as in that of ours. The architect, when erecting his monuments which are to last for centuries, requires zealous and active workmen—but the architect of the airy edifices of tone requires inwardly elevated and enthusiastic assistants. Now enthusiasm resembles a good action; it rewards no one more highly than him from whom it springs. True, enthusiasm is not all that is needed, and we cannot cry too loudly to those who would devote themselves to music, that their object is not so very easy of attainment. Our art demands the

unconditional devotion; heart and hand, understanding and mind; it claims the entire man. Above all, it requires high courage—for we must combat—combat to the end—with ourselves and with others—with our own nature and with circumstances. What perseverance does not the professional disciple require before he succeeds, even partially, in making the organs he needs serve him? The very feeling for music revolts against exercises which are repugnant to it, but without which it is totally incapable of ever commanding appreciation. On the one hand, there is the danger of doing too little to achieve the end in view, and, on the other, of sinking to what should be merely the means. What we are accustomed to call the struggle between matter and mind is, perhaps, nowhere more strikingly apparent than in the work demanded from the arm and the hand, the lungs and the throat, to render them capable of re-producing the picture drawn by the mind.—The training through which the tone-poet has to pass to make sure of the mastery over the creatures of his fancy is less repugnant, but not less strict. Here the struggle lies between the freedom which willingly and readily bows to the laws of reason, and the freedom which is more the product of unbridled impulse than of any clear views. However such views in this case, as in others, may be evolved in natural succession, no one will ever be able to create anything really endowed with life, who has not worked and struggled in the sweat of his brow, though the best of what he does is, and always will be, the gift of a beneficent Divinity.—To all this is to be added the struggle for the common necessities of life, the struggle for existence in the most limited acceptation of the word. Millions have to go through this struggle—but few with the inward conflict which supervenes but too easily in the case of the musician. As a general rule, badly remunerated and but little honored, thousands of us find that the question is whether in our nerve consuming exertions we can preserve strength enough to serve the one God, or whether we shall worship the golden calf. Let us pay the deepest respect to those who pursue the first course, and, as on many others, pass a mild sentence on those who follow the second, for their task sometimes goes beyond what it is possible for man to bear. It is vouchsafed only to a few, endowed with more than usually high gifts, to devote themselves exclusively to the ideal branches of art. They appear in their fullest individuality before the public—and the hardest struggle begins. It is here that a musician must display genuine artistic courage—courage not less than that of the statesman and of the soldier—he must, according to the words of the poet, stake his life in order to gain it. He must possess truthful conviction without self-boasting—endurance on bad as well as on good days—integrity and honesty in what he does, and in the way he endeavors to cause it to be appreciated—contempt for vain tinsel with the joy at success. A musician must not estimate too highly the sympathies of the great masses, nor must he undervalue them—he must not allow himself to be bowed down by vulgarity, when it approaches him, nor by arrogance, when it looks down upon him. In a word, a musician must be a man who does his best and leaves the rest to higher powers. This is easily said—but accomplished only with difficulty, for the question involves a man's dearest possession—his most inward individuality and his belief therein. What now can the school do to fit out its scholars for the journey through life? Not so much as it could wish; not so much, perhaps—we must confess—as it ought. Talent is developed in stillness, and character in the stream of the world. We can, therefore, carefully labor to educate the former, and, in by far the majority of cases, leave it to the future to bring what a higher inspiration alone can give. But it must not be supposed that there is any lack of due preparation. We require from the scholar ear-

nestness, diligence, patience, and perseverance—all admirable agents of discipline. We require obedience to the law—modesty—respect for what is great and beautiful, with which we endeavor to make him acquainted, and which we endeavor to render clear to him. But, above all things, it is our duty to help him to attain to as high a degree as possible of what I must term *professional* excellence—for it is only when his efforts rest upon this foundation that they can prove profitable to himself and others. Nothing is more injurious, in art as in life, than a superficial dealing with so-called ideas, without a vigorous substratum of real skill, real knowledge, and real ability. I turn, therefore, to my honored colleagues with the request—assuredly superfluous though it be—that they will not allow themselves to be discouraged if the results do not always correspond to their wishes. If, on the one hand, great natural gifts are always exceptional, when in the youth and the insufficient preparatory training of so many pupils, there exist such numerous obstacles, which are sometimes not to be overcome by the most energetic tutorage, the many admirable results already obtained must, on the other hand, be a source of profound satisfaction to you: while you must be strengthened by the consideration that even the smallest veins are necessary for the circulation of the blood, and that you can testify to having in every case produced good blood. But what beneficial results have already been effected by our school will be evident not only to all unprejudiced observers in this town and province—in far distant cities, and lands you will have opportunities of contemplating the happy signs of the influence exerted by your pupils. I must, above all things, congratulate both those pupils who are present and those who are absent, on our having been enabled to open for them this locality, in which there is nothing to limit the number of the aspirants, or of the lessons to be given them. May the students become more and more penetrated with the conviction that it entirely depends upon themselves, in proportion to their abilities, to attain to something worthy of respect in their art. To effect this, it is, above all things, necessary that their studies should not creep along side by side with their life, but that they should sway it. The poet calls life serious and art cheerful. Yet, at your years, life is cheerful; but art must be something serious for you, now and evermore. And the more serious it is and shall be to you, the more joyous will you be able to render it for those who enjoy it—for the Olympian merriment of which the poet speaks exists only where all the trouble of artistic labor is either completely absent, or, at least, altogether concealed. You, the friends and patrons of our efforts, who are assembled here, I greet with thanks and pleasant emotion. For a long series of years, you have remained faithful to us, and not ceased to distribute that chinking alinement without which even intellectual life could not exist. We do not fear that this state of things will cease, but we beg you to bestow upon our efforts and their results a little more of that personal interest which exerts so refreshing, so encouraging, and so vivifying an effect wherever it is displayed. There are, probably, few things in which the fact of watching the progress of gifted scholars is combined with so much satisfaction as in the art of practical music. What is wanting, what is added, what at last is achieved—all is observed with equal interest—we hear it growing. Give us, in addition to your other favors, a few hours in the evening during the winter—we shall regard your presence as a precious and honorable present, and take care you shall have no reason to regret having made it. We think we cannot better consecrate these stately precincts than by presenting to you a series of productions by those masters whom we respect and love above all others, and with whose works we consider it our artistic duty to form and imbue the taste of our scholars. However various may be the individualities of these great

men, they all satisfy, even though in different degrees, the highest demands made upon art. The productions of their fancy are rich and healthy—organically raised upon the soil of their fertile soul.

"These works do not owe their existence to sophistic intellect or to witty combination; they are the honest, true, and simple expression of their authors' individuality—full and rich in themselves, not showily tricked out to conceal their poverty. The same clear and logical language is spoken by all these masters, however peculiar the purport of what they say. They degenerate neither into affected, over-excited excess of feeling, nor into vulgar frivolity. They rule their art: but as wise monarchs, not as capriciously licentious despots. They pay homage to beauty, and 'in the very torrent and tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion,' fill our ear with harmony, despising those pungent incitements, which irritate the nerves without penetrating to the soul. They offer the youngest mind the most wholesome and the most agreeable nourishment—and to the end of life fill every true musician with deep respect, admiration and love. Their collected works form the *Gospel of Musical Art*.

"I cannot leave this place, without addressing a few words to those respected men who, constituting our committee, have assumed, in a way as unselfish as it is useful, the management of the Conservatory. In my own name, and in that of my colleagues, I thank them most warmly for their fostering care. A better reward than can be conveyed in my poor words they will find in all the good that has sprung from this young musical nursery. Having touched upon the pedagogical points of the subject, I will here merely direct attention to the fact that, thanks to the establishment of our school, a body of distinguished musicians, whose efforts benefit general musical education, has been gained for the town, and point to the numbers of assiduous young persons, of both sexes, who have succeeded, by the instruction they enjoyed here, in gaining an honorable and assured position. We will hope, then, that our Cologne Conservatory may, for a long series of years, continue to flourish and gain more and more in importance, and we feel pleased to think that our distinct descendants may, many years hence, retain a thankful recollection of the founders and patrons of this institution."

This address was received with much interest. It was followed by the inaugural concert, in which were performed works by J. S. Bach, G. F. Handel, J. Haydn, W. A. Mozart, L. van Beethoven, C. M. von Weber, Fr. Schubert, F. Mendelssohn, and R. Schumann. As regards the execution, it is sufficient to state that it was undertaken by our most eminent artists (Herrn F. Hiller, Schneider, Marktk, von Königslow, Rensberg, Jensen, Gernsheim, J. Seiss, Hülle and Hompesch), who were much applauded. With regard to the distribution of the building, according to the plans, and under the personal superintendence of the architect, Herr J. Felten, we must mention especially the fine grand hall on the ground floor. This hall, when brilliantly lighted up, presents, with its stately proportions and convenient arrangements, a magnificent appearance; nothing better could possibly have been produced with the available resources. On the west and south sides are eight circular niches containing busts. The latter represent the Emperor and King, Wilhelm, and the great German composers, Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Gluck, Mendelssohn, Mozart, and C. M. von Weber. According to the opinion of competent judges, the acoustic properties of the hall are admirable. Besides this grand hall, intended for concerts and festive ceremonies, the building contains a refreshment room, and more than twenty other apartments, used as the library, residence of the librarian, and lodgings for pupils.

We conclude our account by a most hearty wish that the hope expressed by Dr. Hiller at the close of his address may be happily fulfilled.—*Kölnische Zeitung*.

## The Voice and How to Use it.

BY W. H. DANIELL.

[From the Worcester Palladium.]

XIV.

*Pupil.* Mr. Daniell, I have heard some teachers say that *flattening* was needless, as, with a proper delivery of tone according to certain mechanical laws, it was put as much out of the question as flattening on the violin; while others have asserted it to be entirely a matter of the ear. Then some have assumed that *flattening* might be cured, but *sharpening* never. Who has the right of it?

*Mr. D.* That flattening and sharpening proceed from improper delivery of the tone, I firmly believe. That they can be cured is an established fact, but I will not say that the voice can be so trained that neither will ever take place. The voice cannot be so trained as to be always in tune without care on the part of the singer. It cannot be put as much out of the question as it would be on the violin, for the laws governing the two are different. Flattening or sharpening in violin playing is dependent on lengthening or shortening the string, and thereby lengthening or shortening the vibrations whereon tone is dependent; but with the voice the case is different. What you refer to is a theory which I, myself, formerly advocated and taught, that when tone was reflected from a point too far forward in the mouth it would be sharp, while if too far back it would be flat. That there is a certain exact place where tone should be reflected, called the "focus of vibration," and that when the tone is reflected from that point it must of necessity be in tune. As I have said, I formerly believed that, but must confess that experience has shown me that the theory did not invariably hold true. Consequently, I ceased to teach it, though I still believe there is value in the idea of a definite place for reflection of tone. As to it being entirely a matter of correctness of the ear, that idea is wholly fallacious, for many a singer will flat or sharp who would instantly detect the fault in another. Moreover, I have frequently had pupils who would at the outset do both, who would acquire the ability to sing a song through, ending in perfect tune, yet having no aid from an instrument. As to the last statement, that flattening might be cured but not sharpening, I can only say that I dissent. I know that both can be cured, though I confess that I consider the latter fault more difficult to remedy than the former. It is wholly a question of proper delivery of tone in my opinion. I say in my opinion, for I do not wish to arrogate to myself the power to call to account other teachers, as honest in their views as I am in mine, yet holding opposite opinions. Let it be understood then, that in all I say, I desire to allow all earnest, thinking teachers the privilege of holding their own views in spite of what I may say, though I always propose to give my definite reasons, in as plain English as the language will admit of, for holding any opinion. I have taught ideas in times past which I cannot teach to-day, because I have had reason in my experience to doubt their correctness, yet I believed them thoroughly when I taught them. I have reason to believe that I know more to-day than I did five years ago, and that I shall know more five years hence than I do to-day; for which reason I doubt my own infallibility; but you may rest assured that what I teach commends itself to my reason, and I desire to have it understood perfectly by you. Do not believe anything that I or any other teacher may tell you unless it appeals to your sense of reason. Have a definite understanding of what you do believe and why you believe it, and then, if at some future time you are convinced that you have been mistaken, do not be afraid to say so.

Now, having digressed to such an unwarrantable extent, let me repeat that, in my opinion, flattening and sharpening are produced solely by wrong delivery of tone. Let us remember the rule laid down, that singing is only vocalized talking. In other words, that no more effort should be made in singing than in talking. Now if you will observe this rule literally, you will find that as the voice ascends, the natural divisions, which we have termed registers, will assert themselves. Do not try to make them, nor to avoid making them, but let the voice act as it will. You see you can keep on to quite a distance beyond where you thought you could go, without any effort more than usual. The difficulty is that the tone is not as large and stocky as you would like; but you know we are simply trying to gain the ability to sing in tune. Very well. The disposition to flat was gone, or in other words, it was more natural for you to sing in tune than not

to. The tones and half tones of the scale are perfectly natural to sing. Try to sing less than a whole yet more than a half tone and see how difficult it is. Very well, then you have my whole secret. When tone is forced, the singer is liable to flat, but when the tone is easy, the disposition is to sing in tune. This is the general idea to work on, though of course it requires elaborating. Sharpening may be cured in a large number of instances by the application of the same law; but in many it is the result of a peculiar delivery of tone that needs to be rectified. I have noticed in many female voices a shrill, hard tone, which is always accompanied with sharpening. The fault is cured by rectifying the tone altogether, but it cannot be easily explained. Such cases are more difficult of management than the others, but still can be cured. Many teachers are much to be blamed for not curing both faults in pupils, yet I know many who have studied for a long time under popular teachers, and cannot today sing a song in tune, even with accompaniment. Now this is not good teaching. I think it proceeds, however, in a great degree, from teachers spending the whole time on show rather than on *technique*. People should be able to sing in tune even if they cannot trill or sing a Cavatina. Now I am going to horrify many: *Every pupil should be taught to sing without the aid of an instrument.* They should learn to be independent of the piano or any other instrument. When you can sing three verses of any song through without accompaniment, and come out right as to pitch, you need not fear being accused of flattening or sharpening, as a rule. When you can sing with others for two hours, and not feel your voice tired, do not fear that you have a tendency to flattening or sharpening, for in order to do that, your voice must be delivered easily. But again, do not deceive yourself. If your friends tell you that you flat or sharp, or that you did flat or sharp at any time, do not get angry and doubt that it was so. You cannot change the fact whichever way it may have been, and your recognition of it may make you the more careful afterwards. And that leads me to add, do not be afraid of criticism. If you sing in public, distrust the smooth praise, which makes all your efforts perfection,—just as likely as not the writer did not hear you at all; cherish rather the honest critic who tells your faults, even though there may seem to you a lack of justice. By studying to avoid the faults in subsequent efforts, the apparently harsh criticisms will have been of service to you, while the other, the really unjust one, will do you no harm, and you escape being spoiled by foolish flattery.

## The Handel and Haydn Society in New York.

We have not seen a more glowing, or a more intelligent, account of the performance of *Elijah* at the New York Festival, than that contributed by Mr. HOWARD GLOVER, who is truly an authority, to the May number of the *Orpheus*. We take the liberty of copying the article.

The first concert of Theodore Thomas's Musical Festival took place on Monday evening, April 22, at Steinway Hall. It consisted of Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah*. Mr. Carl Zerrahn was the conductor. The solo vocalists were Mrs. Julia Houston-West and Miss Carrie A. Brackett (soprani), Miss Annie Louise Cary (contralto), Mr. Nelson Varley (tenore), Mr. Hiram Wilde and Mr. Myron W. Whitney (bassi). Mr. Lig officiated as organist; the chorus was furnished by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and the band was that of Mr. Theodore Thomas, largely augmented.

"*Elijah*" was written for England, and its first performance was there under the composer's immediate direction. I was present at the very first orchestral rehearsal at the Hanover Square rooms, London, and well remember the illustrious author as he sat with the full score upon his lap, surrounded by the first composers, professors, and critics of the British metropolis, waiting for the rehearsal to begin. I can still see those wonderful eyes which seemed to be animated by unearthly fire, looking, alas! too intensely bright for enduring mental or bodily health, and treasure in my memory the ready wit and gentlemanly tact with which he replied to the questions of the more or less intelligent members of the crowd which surrounded him.

England was the adopted country of Mendelssohn's heart. He bequeathed to her as a sacred legacy his greatest work, and England's love for him was no less.

I speak of these matters chiefly to show that the executive traditions of "*Elijah*," the manner, especially as regards *tempo*, of its performance can nowhere be better understood than in the land where the noble work was originally produced; and to show that if in the course of this article I may find it necessary to dissent from a few of the readings of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, whose unquestionable ability no one respects more than myself, I do so, not only to express my own opinions, but upon the authority of the immortal master himself.

I have the pleasure now to speak in detail of a performance which with respect to chorus and orchestra was the very finest I have heard in the United States.

I remember no overture in which a climax is persistently avoided in so masterly a way as in the prelude to "*Elijah*." There is in fact no climax until the grand entry of the chorus with the exclamation, "Help, Lord!" where the combined voices give out the chord of D minor *fortissimo*. All the rest is preparatory. From the *pianissimo* commencement by the basses to the culmination I have mentioned, the ear is led on through the mazy convolutions of counterpoint, through alternations of soft and loud, in constant expectation of something to come.

For the execution of this I have nothing but praise. Mr. Carl Zerrahn evidently understood the spirit and meaning of the music, and was faithfully supported by the orchestra. The composer's direction, "In moderate time, but with gradually increasing fire," could not have been more sympathetically carried out.

The *tempo* of the first chorus, "*Andante lento*" (moving or "going slowly") was taken a shade too fast. This was particularly obvious in the responsive passages on the words beginning, "The harvest new is over," which, although perfectly well sung by the choir, sounded hurried and indistinct. The following duet with chorus in A minor, "Lord, bow thine ear to our prayer," was on the other hand a little too slow, the required *con moto* character not being sufficiently expressed. It was sung with appropriate delicacy by the chorus and Miss Cary, but not by Mrs. Houston-West, who seemed desirous of standing out from the rest as if she had been singing a *solo*.

Those who have often heard the greatest tenor singer of oratorio music in existence—Mr. Sims Reeves—are naturally somewhat hard to please; but nevertheless, there was much worthy of commendation in Mr. Nelson Varley's "If with all your hearts," especially if it be taken into consideration that he was rather husky, and found some difficulty in bringing out the higher notes of the air, which although they only range from G to A flat, are not easy to take when the voice is out of order. The former note (G) not only occurs frequently (at least seven times), but is more than once awkwardly placed for the singer; and if Mr. Nelson Varley did not give the fullest effect to it on the occasion, there was a temporary physical reason for the shortcoming. His expression of the beautiful Air was appropriate throughout; it nowhere lacked warmth or dignity; and certainly elicited hearty tokens of sympathy and approval from the audience.

The rendering of the chorus, "Yet doth the Lord see it not," was not only irreproachable throughout, but at times grand in the extreme. The imitative passages in the massive peroration, for instance, ("His mercies on thousands fall") were delivered not only with a sensuously delightful fullness and richness of tone, but likewise with the firmness of faith and the fervency of adoration. Those high A's (musicians know them) were nobly pealed forth by both trebles and tenors.

The double quartet, "For He shall give His angels," did not go well. The singers seemed uncertain of their notes; the time was unsteady and there was a plentiful lack of light and shade. Any eight of Mr. Zerrahn's choristers would probably have done more justice to this very fine number.

The brief recitation, "Now Cherith's brook," was admirably given by Miss Cary, and I should be glad to feel justified in speaking equally well of the execution of the following most important number, "What have I to do with thee, O man of God?" but alas! I am compelled to say that Mrs. Houston-West's rendering of the Widow's part was by means a right one, and moreover that the lady's intonation was not always of the purest. Mendelssohn has marked *Andante Agitato* over this piece, but the time was so dragged by the singer that what should have been of a most exciting nature became almost tiresome. Vainly did Mr. Zerrahn try to "go ahead," the vocalist was not to be hurried; and

## LITTLE HUNTING SONG.

JÄGERLIEDCHEN.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

No. 7. *Allegro giojoso.*

## WILD RIDER.

WILDER REITER.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

No. 8.

## LITTLE PEOPLE'S SONG.

VOLKSLIEDCHEN.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

*Andante doloroso.*

No. 9.

*Allegro.*

*Tempo I.*

## JOYOUS FARMER.

FRÖHLICHER LANDMANN.

(von der Arbeit zurückkehrend.)

R. Schumann, op. 68.

*Allegro con spirito.*

No. 10.

where, upon the appealing words, "See mine affliction," the time should be slightly accelerated up to the climax, "Be thou the orphan's helper!" Mrs. West became slower than ever.

Mr. Whitney (amazed, perhaps, at this strange reading) was not quite himself in the duet. The noble climax, "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul," which should glow with religious fire, was tamely given—and indeed the whole number was rendered in a dull and pointless manner.

In the chorus, "Blessed are they," the "Handel and Haydn Society" exemplified the very perfection of delicate chorus singing. The soft intensity of tone in the *pianissimo* passage was indescribably beautiful.

A striking contrast to this was the loud vigor which distinguished the choristers' rendering of the movements assigned to Baal's worshippers. All three were given with fire and precision; but the last, the *presto* in F sharp minor, received the amplest justice. The passages with intervening rests near the end on the reit-rated words, "hear and answer!" were delivered as with one voice.

Mr. Whitney's "Lord God of Abraham" might have been taken slower with advantage; and sung with more solemn fervency. The singer's voice, too, sounded weak, especially on the upper D and E flat. The beautiful quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord" would have gone better if two of the singers (the tenor and *soprano*) had not tried to make too much of their parts. When will *solo* vocalists learn that there should be no individual distinctions in the execution of concerted music—that on the contrary the object is to blend the voices as much as possible, and that to slide and glide about from interval to interval in the *portamento* style, instead of singing plainly and purely, is a grave error. The quartet, though not well sung by any means, was redemanded.

The "Is not his word like a fire," of Mr. Whitney was characterized by unflagging energy and musically feeling of the best kind, supported by genuine artistic skill. I need not particularize where all was so thoroughly good. The weakness occasionally observable in his previous *solo* had disappeared, and rarely indeed has the trying passage near the conclusion, where the voice begins at full force upon the high F, been so firmly or forcibly rendered. Mr. Whitney was enthusiastically applauded, as he well deserved to be.

Decreasing space warns me to condense as much as possible and I shall therefore confine the rest of this notice to the most praiseworthy features of the performance.

Miss Cary's clear and brilliant *contralto* was heard to the utmost advantage in the *arioso*, "Woe unto them who forsake him;" and the air, "O rest in the Lord." The former was given with grand solemnity, the latter in sweet, consoling tones. The one was a denunciatory lamentation, the other, balm to the afflicted soul. In both cases the singer's notes were full of the author's spirit.

Mr. Nelson Varley in "Then shall the righteous" was even more successful than in "If with all your hearts," and Mr. Whitney's touching rendering of the air, "It is enough," was quite as admirable in its way, as his vigorous interpretation of "Is not his word like a fire." In "Hear ye Israel" Mrs. West threw out some fine "telling" notes and displayed so much energy and musical instinct that we wondered how she could have been so faulty in the earlier part of the oratorio.

The trio "Lift thine eyes" was applauded very much; but nevertheless the time was too slow and the execution damaged by the same defects (already mentioned) which obscured the beauties of other concerted pieces. I have heard the chorus "Thanks be to God" many times, in many places, and under many circumstances. One superlatively fine performance of "Elijah" I remember at one of the great Birmingham Festivals, when after listening to this chorus I suddenly met an old friend and colleague and neither of us could utter a word—we could only get out a simultaneous ah!—shake hands as though we had not met for years, and look as if we were going to shed tears, so overpowered were we both by that immensely grand piece of executancy. Well, from that time until the occasion under notice I have never heard "Thanks be to God" so finely rendered. Thanks, ten thousand thanks, O Handel and Haydn Society, for thus stirring the depths of our musical souls—for thus awakening our profoundest sympathies with all that is good and grand and beautiful in art! A more spontaneous or fiery utterance of this superb hymn it were impossible to imagine. From the vigorous and resolute attack of

the first bar everybody felt that the choristers were fully possessed of their subject—everybody felt that it would be "all right" to the end; and all the old familiar "points"—(so dear to musicians) those wonderful dissonances on the words "But the Lord is above them," beginning with the clashing of the minor seconds in the tenors against the lower interval held by the basses (an expression of strife which is magnificently terminated by a full close in D flat with the words "and Almighty"); the subsequently more extended, and still more surprising employment of this idea leading again to a full close half a note higher, in D natural, (musicians know the marvellous passages by heart,) all these familiar qualifications of the sublime in art were brought out in such enthusiasm, power and clearness as might bear any amount of praise. Then the downward rush of violins after the words: "The waters gather, they rush along," (all honor to the orchestra here,) and the simultaneous entry of the full chorus close upon the end of the violin-passage—admirable, most admirable! everywhere and in every respect. If ever a piece was encored this was; for the unanimous and enthusiastic applause which followed its termination lasted for nearly five minutes—but the honor was declined.

"He watcheth over Israel" was another perfect specimen of chorus-singing. The smooth and tranquil character of the music could not have been more happily expressed; neither could the delicate coloring which the swelling and diminishing of sound impart have been more happily employed. The alternate rise and fall of the strains in the concluding bars was almost divine in its effect.

Would I could follow the Handel and Haydn choristers through all their triumphs, but one tribute more must complete my notice of their achievements. There is nothing more poetical in conception or graphic in expression within the whole range of oratorio music than the chorus "Behold! God the Lord passed by." Now every passage in this was delivered with the fullest appreciation of its meaning. The declamatory phrase "Behold the Lord passed by," the *sotto voce* utterance "and a mighty wind," in which we hear the rising storm; the tranquil beauty of the reassuring passage "And in that still voice onward came the Lord," exhibited the merits of the choristers most conspicuously; but the rendering was so evenly good throughout that there seems to be a kind of injustice in dwelling upon special points.

The best solo vocalists who appeared on the present occasion had been heard before in this very oratorio, and "Elijah" has been given in New York with a better "cast" if we may use such an expression. It is therefore to the choral department to which are confided the very greatest pieces in the work, that the chief honors of this memorable performance belong. It is the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, with their excellent conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, we have to thank for the zeal and ability which produced here for the first time artistic results which the best-trained choral societies might be proud of.

The other most important features in this festival were Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," and selections from Handel's colossal "Israel in Egypt," in both of which the Handel and Haydn Society won fresh laurels; Sebastian Bach's *Concerto* for three pianos, finely executed by Messrs. Rubinstein, W. Mason and S. B. Mills; the masterly violin playing of Mr. Wieniawski; and Beethoven's stupendous Ninth Symphony, the admirable performance of which was a triumph for Mr. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra. The festival terminated Saturday evening, April 26th.

HOWARD GLOVER.

#### Dr. Helmholtz on Harmony.

Concluded from page, 20.

#### UPPER PARTIALS, OR HARMONICS.

Any form of sound impulse whatever can be compounded of a number of simple impulses of different lengths, because sound-impulses of whatever length travel with the same velocity, and having once been compounded, go permanently on their way, never separating. These compound impulses the ear analyzes into the simple tones they contain. We know exactly what are the tones which will combine with a given fundamental tone. They are, if we take C for the fundamental, these:



and are called the upper partials or harmonic overtones of the fundamental tones. Almost all instruments produce sounds which are compound. Experiments with the piano show that the upper partials produce sympathetic vibrations of its strings, and it follows that they do the same in the cochlea of the ear. Consequently all the tones of musical instruments (except those which are simple) may be regarded as chords with a predominant—very predominant—fundamental tone. We distinguish between the voice of a man, the howl of a dog, the sound of a violin or flute, though how we do so, we never inquire. Whether the howl of a dog contains the higher octave or the twelfth of the fundamental tone has no practical interest for us. And thus the upper partials are thrown into that unanalyzed mass of peculiarities of a tone which we call its *quality*. Now as the existence of upper partials depends on impulse-form, the quality of tone depends, as we have already said, upon the form of impulse. The existence of these partials can be demonstrated by placing to the ear a globe of glass or metal which has a proper tone to which it vibrates. The presence of a certain partial in a compound tone can by this means be always ascertained. The vowel sounds of the voice have also their distinguishing partials.

#### BEATS, OR INTERFERENCE.

Hitherto we have spoken of the compounding of impulses of different lengths. When impulses of the same length move in the same direction, and it happens that the condensed strata of the one coincide with the rarefied strata of the other, the two mutually destroy each other, and silence is the result. This, which is called interference, is easily shown by experiment. If, however, the impulses are very nearly equal in length, their condensed strata will at first coincide and reinforce one another, but gradually the longer impulse will outstrip the shorter, until at last the condensed strata of the one coincide with the rarefied strata of the other, and silence is the result. Imagine the process thus slowly described to be repeated with inexpressible swiftness, and you will understand that alternate increase and decrease of loudness which we call a beat. The greater the length of impulse (or the difference of pitch) the quicker the beats. The ear can distinguish four to six beats in a second; if the beats are more rapid, the tone grates on the ear, or, if it is high, it becomes cutting, until at last the beats dissolve into a continuous sensation of tone.

#### DISSONANCE.

Two notes near in pitch produce a disturbing impression on the ear, being split up into separate beats, as disagreeable as flickering light to the eye. This roughness of tone is the essential character of dissonance. It is most unpleasant when the tones differ by a semitone, and gradually disappears until a minor third is reached, which passes as a consonance. Upper partials may make the tone rough by their dissonance, even if the fundamental tones are too far removed from each other to dissonate. For example, the harmonic twelfth of a tone and the harmonic octave of the fifth of that tone are the same note. Now if this tone and its fifth be sounded together on a tempered instrument—and the fifths in all our organs and pianos are impure—this partial will not be the same tone, but will dissonate, producing an impression of roughness on the ear which is not felt on a justly intoned instrument. In this way a third or fourth perfectly in tune sounds better than when tempered, and, given a fundamental tone, we can tell what other degrees of tone can be sounded with it without producing roughness.

This is why modern music, founded on the consonance of tones, has had to limit itself to certain fixed degrees. But even before harmony was known, it can be shown that a relationship was recognized between two tones having an upper partial in common. "Combinational tones" are heard low down when two or more loud notes of different pitch are sounded. They are produced either by the difference or by the sum of the two generating tones (differential and summational), and being much weaker than the upper partials, are little observable, and of little importance. All good musical qualities

of tone are comparatively rich in upper partials, which play an important part in all artistic musical effects.

CONCLUSION.

The following is the concluding paragraph of the lecture:—

"These phenomena of agreeableness of tone, as determined solely by the senses, are of course merely the first step towards the beautiful in music. For the attainment of that higher beauty which appeals to the intellect, harmony and dysharmony (by which is meant the discords allowed in music) are only means, although essential and powerful means. In dysharmony the auditory nerve feels hurt by the beats of incompatible tones. It longs for the pure efflux of the tones in harmony. It hastens towards that harmony for satisfaction and rest. Thus both harmony and dysharmony alternately urge and moderate the flow of tones, while the mind sees in their immaterial motion, an image of its own perpetually streaming thoughts and moods. Just as in the rolling ocean, this movement, rhythmically repeated, and yet ever varying, rivets our attention and hurries us along. But whereas in the sea, blind physical forces alone are at work, and hence the final impression on the spectator's mind is nothing but solitude—in a musical work of art the movement follows the outflow of the artist's own emotions. Now gently gliding, now gracefully leaping, now violently stirred, penetrated or laboriously contending with the natural expression of passion, the stream of sound, in primitive vivacity, bears over into the hearer's soul unimagined moods which the artist has overheard from his own, and finally raises him up to that repose of everlasting beauty, of which God has allowed but few of his elect favorites to be the heralds."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 31, 1873.

Rubinstein's Farewell.

THE LAST PIANO RECITALS.

The interest grew and deepened as the end approached. People seemed to realize that they might never hear again so much of the genius of piano-forte music, through such a range of periods, forms, individualities, interpreted by a man of genius, one of the very foremost masters in his art. The three Recitals will long be remembered. For the second (Thursday, May 15) the audience exceeded, in number and enthusiasm, that of the first. The programme, as printed, was as follows:

Fantasie, C major.....	Schubert.
Invitation a la Valse.....	Weber.
Momento Capriccio.....	"
Songs without Words. E major, F Sharp Minor, B minor, A flat major, A Major, A Minor.	Mendelssohn.
Studies for Pedal Piano, A Minor, A flat major, B minor.....	Schumann.
Romanza. D minor.....	"
"Bird as Prophet," (Forest Scene)"	"
Fantastic Pieces, ("Abends," "Traumeswirren") "Carneval".....	"

Of the Schubert Fantasie (op. 15) we may speak as one of the most remarkable of Rubinstein's renderings. He gives you a most realizing, vivid sense of all its wealth of power and beauty. What a coloring of the tone in characteristic passages! How the "Wanderer" melody *sang* itself, with richest depth of feeling! How Viennese the atmosphere of the gay theme in the *Presto*! and how broad and solid the grand pathway of the fugued *Finale*! Did the whole work ever before, even in Liszt's orchestral setting, come so home to us? Instead of the "Invitation," he gave a less familiar and much larger work of Weber's, one of those very brilliant, difficult, exhausting Sonatas, which have a certain sort of intensity, but by no means so inspiring as Beethoven's. But

they are well worth knowing; and this one was set before us in its best light; for it needs all the virtuosity of such an interpreter to do it.

The *Momento Capriccioso* (op. 12), a light *staccato* movement, swift as possible, and soft as possible for the most part, with sudden bursts of *fortissimo*, was heard with breathless attention.

It was well to turn to the *Lieder ohne Worte* for the quintessence of what is most characteristic and original in Mendelssohn; as a tone poet he is all revealed in these little works. It was well, too, to choose, as he did, mainly from the most familiar ones (a *Gondola* Song, the *Volkslied*, Spring Song, &c.), for these are of the best; and latterly, however it may have been at one time, we hear them not too often. The little flowers did spring up fresh again under the quickening fingers.

Here a pause, where one might think, or talk a little with his neighbor, or at least ask himself: where am I? after such a ceaseless journey, or flight, through many scenes and wonders. We will improve it by indulging in an observation on this series of programmes. In his historical review of masters from Bach and Handel to our time, it will be seen that Rubinstein, both here and in New York, leaves out entirely such composers as Dussek, Cramer and Clementi, Hummel and Moscheles, heroes in their day, who in any *English* course of such recitals would be sure to figure pretty largely. He pays no tribute to classical respectability as such; the models of fine society style, with all their ease and elegance, their handsome way of saying what they have to say, the trim and careful toilet in which they put their blameless fancies before "ears polite," he passes over, wisely we think, as authors who, however meritorious, can have nothing very interesting to add where the conversation is between Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven, and Schubert and Weber. He has kept himself to the most living and life-giving poetry in his selections, so that there might not be a moment's dullness. It shows how well he understood his audiences, and knew, that, with all the idle talk there is about our classical exclusiveness, it is not classical *conventionalism*, but only the live genius, that can satisfy us.

And now for a tone-poet, who, in this country and in Europe, has for years been gaining ground in musical affections, more perhaps than any other. Now for Schumann, who might well have filled out a whole concert, as he did in New York, had there been room for it. But what we heard on this occasion we could supplement in memory with what he had given us in former visits: the *Etudes Symphoniques*, the *Kreisleriana*, &c., &c. In the *Studies for a Pedal Piano-forte* (op. 56), he showed that he had no need of the Pedal; his pair of hands sufficed for the three key-boards, and the charming, thoughtful pieces were presented in their completeness. The *Romanza* (in B flat minor, it should be) was the least familiar of the things which followed, and was entrancing. The rest he had played here before, but it was twice as charming in this smaller hall. The mingled scenes and characters, from grave to gay, from Harlequin to Sphinx, of the little *Scènes Mignonnes* of the *Carneval*, passed in vivid phantasmagoria before the

mind's eye. There was not *too much* in this programme, and we were kept in a fresh mood of enjoyment to the end.

For the third and last Recital (Wednesday Afternoon, May 21) Horticultural Hall was absolutely packed full, even the two corner galleries, and not a few were turned away. So near the end of his gigantic labors, having achieved all but one of his seven New York concerts, the strong musician looked somewhat exhausted; but there was no sign of that in his performance; a spirit in him held the faculties to their full task through two intense hours and an extra half hour. The programme, which we copied in our last, was really too long, and the impression of the concert as a whole would have been better had there been nothing after the copious and rich selection from all the various moods and forms of Chopin's fiery fine creation.

The *Fantasie* in F minor (op. 49), with its solemn march-like movement, made an impressive opening. By an error in the printed programme the next two pieces were set down also as *Fantasies* (in E minor and A major); but they are well-known *Preludes* (Nos. 4 and 7 of Op. 28), the first full of deepest feeling, the other of tender grace,—a short passing moment merely. How all the soul and beauty of these and of three following *Preludes* were brought home to an intent audience we need not tell. Then came the wonderful *Ballade* in F (No. 2), with its contrast of a witching, gentle, naive melody and then a sudden stormy episode,—the one that Mr. Leonhard has charmed us with,—for which we could not feel too thankful. It was here, or about here, if we remember, that he introduced what was not in the bill, the *Bergeruse*, his rendering of which is always exquisitely perfect in its way; such purity and even delicacy of tone we never heard surpassed or equalled; the notes run like oil, yet are distinct as pearls.—And so on, through *Mazourkas*, *Valses*, the rousing *Polonaise* in A, *Nocturnes* (three of them), the *Tarantelle*, and several *Etudes*, some of terrific speed and intricacy, in which he calmly rides the whirlwind (to all outward observation). As if this were not enough, he added, what we would willingly have spared, not only on account of its familiarity, but because it seemed to close with gloom and mourning, instead of joyful apotheosis, that marvellous procession of the triumphs of a rare creative genius,—the *Marcia Funèbre*.—We came to be made partakers of our Chopin's life (a boon which Rubinstein bestowed on us so amply and so admirably), and not to attend his funeral.

Or did he mean to hint, that to turn away from Chopin, and come down to Liszt and Thalberg, was like trying to live after one's friends are buried? Another reason, then, why we would rather have had the Concert end, as it began, with Chopin,—only not the funeral march! Of course, the inoffensive little *Nocturne* by John Field, the father of that form in its simplicity, was worthy of a place somewhere, being a piece of sweet, pure, honest music. The Henselt pieces, too, ("Poème d' Amour," and "If I were a Bird,") are graceful little poems worth preserving; but hardly could such birds find lodgement *there* in breasts still heaving with the great emotions of the Chopin music. The *Etude* by Thalberg, in A minor, is one of his best, as well as most difficult works, and served as well as anything, perhaps, to illustrate the modern, heaven-storming

virtuosity; but what had these Titans to do here, when one had just been feasting with the celestial gods? Superfluous, at least, and therefore fatiguing seemed the *Valse impromptu* and the Hungarian Rhapsody (the less familiar one of the two which have been played here by Miss Mehlig and others,) by Liszt. The latter is not without a spark of something like genius in its wild suggestions, and has episodes of beauty; but who would not rather have heard them at another time? As to the group of half a dozen compositions of his own with which the triple banquet was concluded, we cannot but feel that Rubinstein was treating himself unfairly in bringing them in so supplementarily after the long strain of attention which the other works demanded. Under the circumstances, we could not tell whether we them much or not; what charms there might be in liked them we felt were lost to us through sheer exhaustion on our own part, just as, when after hours of gazing in some famous European picture-gallery, we cast a glance at a last group of master-works, as wearily we creep away, and feel that we see nothing.

Nothing but the deep personal interest, which, purely through his art, this really great artist has awakened here, the deep hold which he has steadily gained upon all music-loving people by making the best works of so many master composers, in their turn, appreciable to whole audiences, and never offering mere sops to Cerberus, could have so held that crowd of cultivated men and women to the end of that long concert.

There was, indeed a farewell sentiment about it; all lingered for a last look at the man whom they regarded as a benefactor and a friend. Music as an Art, a manifestation of the Divine in Man, will doubtless stand in higher estimation in this country after the two hundred and more concerts which he has given in the past eight months.

Facewell! and with a thousand thanks. But it is not all over yet.

**THE "OCEAN" SYMPHONY.**—On the evening of the same day many of the same crowd, with many more, flocked to the larger Tremont Temple, to hear the Symphony by Rubinstein, "The Ocean," performed under his own personal direction. The work as originally published, Op. 42, some half-a-dozen years ago, we think, was given during the past winter at one of our Harvard Symphony Concerts. In that form it consisted of four movements: 1. *Allegro maestoso*, in C, commonly regarded as by far the best part of the work; 2. *Adagio non tanto*, in E minor; 3. *Allegro*, in G, a wild 2-4 Scherzo movement; 4. *Finale*, consisting of a short *Adagio* leading into an *Allegro con fuoco*, in the original C-major key, which moderates in tempo before concluding with a strong religious Chorale in full chords (by no means "Ein feste Burg," as several of the New York critics wrote of it!). Sometime later Rubinstein composed some after-thoughts to it, which were published (although not as yet in *solo* e. we think) also as Op. 42. These were: another *Adagio*, 3-4, in D, and now inserted as No. 2, called *Andante* in the programme, and a *Scherzo Presto*, 3-4, in F, given as No. 5. The order of the movements, then, as given on this last occasion, was as follows:

1. *Allegro Maestoso*;—2. *Andante* (*Adagio*, new);—3. *Allegro*, 2-4;—4. *Adagio non tanto* (No. 2 at first);—5. *Presto* (new);—6. *Finale*.

The two added movements had been once or twice performed here separately in Thomas's concerts. Now, for the first time, we were to hear all six, making a Symphony of about an hour in length,—longer even than the great one in C by Schubert. Yet under the inspiring lead of the composer it seemed almost short. Whatever may be said of the work, the rendering was full of life and interest.

Such a conductor we have not known before. Here was an orchestra made up for the occasion, mostly of the same musicians who have played in the Harvard concerts (only not quite so many strings), and some few from New York; yet hardly have we known a Boston orchestra to show such alertness, and to play with so much spirit, beginning and ending every note with such precision, so obedient to every intention of composer and conductor. He had a magnetic hold on every man. Earnest, full of gesture, as he was full of his own meaning,—but nothing spasmodic or ungraceful in that gesture, no nervous, vague, superfluous motions,—he conducted like one who knew and felt precisely what he wanted, so that his every look and sign were unmistakeable and reassuring. True it was his own music, and a man ought to feel sure there if anywhere; but we believe he would have shown the same power had it been a Symphony by Beethoven. For once fifty musicians did their best, and "builted better than they knew."

As to the music itself, we certainly can say that we enjoyed the six pieces much more than we did the four or the two before. Yet on the whole we still fail to perceive or feel in it a kindred greatness with the familiar master works. As before, the first movement seemed by far the best and worthiest of the grand poetic subject. The new *Adagio* was perhaps the least *outrée* and clearest in its form. But the new *Presto* was more extravagant, spasmodic and sensational even than the old *Allegro* in 2-4 measure. The *Finale* did impress us more this time, especiell the religious choral portion toward the close. That there are fine passages, passing suggestions of a very grand imaginative style, we are far from denying. But to hear the whole work so performed was an experience well worth the while. Its reception was enthusiastic.

The rest of the concert was conducted by Mr. ZERRAHN, and consisted of two overtures (*Alfonso and Estrella* by Schubert, and *Fidelio*, Beethoven), which were quite well played, though the wind instruments had a harsh sound in that room,—and of solos by the admirable violinist, Herr WIENIAWSKI. He played Spohr's "Gesang-scene" Concerto, an *Adagio* by Rubinstein, an a very animated *Tarantelle* of his own,—all to the great delight of the audience, who recalled him with insatiable applause.

Report of the "Apollo" and some other concerts unavoidably deferred.

A concert of uncommon interest, fresh and unique in character, will take place in Mechanics' Hall this evening. HANDEL's delightful music to the words of ILTON's "L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSIERO" will be performed here for the first time under the direction of Mr. OTTO DRESEL. The solos, which are full of variety and beauty, will be sung by Mrs. MORTON, Miss DORIA, Mr. GEO. L. OSGOOD and Mr. SCHLESINGER; the choruses by a very select choir of ladies and gentlemen, mostly amateurs; and the accompaniment will consist of Robert Franz's piano arrangement, with the Beethoven Quintette Club, &c. The second part will consist of Songs and Part-Songs by Franz. The tickets have been mostly disposed of privately; but a few may still be had at Prüfer's music store or at the door. The price is high, in consideration of the object, which is to aid the contribution, begun by Liszt and others in Germany, of a fund for the relief of ROBERT FRANZ, whose health and sense of hearing have become so seriously impaired, that he can no longer seek a livelihood in those artistic labors by which he has done so much for the world, so little for himself. Boston, of all places, will surely feel a pride in helping this good work.

Portland is to have the honor of bringing out, next Tuesday evening, "the first American Oratorio," Mr. JOHN K. PINE's "St. Peter" (though we remember meeting a Yankee in New York some twenty years ago, who coolly informed us that he had composed as many Oratorios, and on as grand a scale, as Handel!). The chorus work has been undertaken by the Haydn Society of Portland, a body of 120 voices, trained by Mr. KORZSCHMAR, whose singing has been highly praised. The solos will be sung by Mrs. WETHERBEE, of Portland, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, Mr. G. L. OSGOOD, and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN. An Orchestra of 42 instruments will go from Boston. Mr. Paine will conduct in person. High expectations are awakened, and every report from the rehearsals serves but to increase the interest. The sale of tickets has been large, and many music lovers will attend from Boston and from many places. Portland is Paine's native place.

NEW YORK, MAY 25. At the fifth and last concert for the season of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society which took place on Saturday evening, May 10, the following pieces were performed:

Symphony No. 3 in C minor (new).....F. L. Ritter.  
Air, "Bid me dance".....Bishop.  
Miss Henrietta Beebe.  
Adagio for the Violoncello.....Bargiel.  
Mr. F. Bergner.  
Heroic Symphony.....Beethoven.  
Part Songs, a) "To Daffodils".....Agnes Zimmerman.  
b) "Hark! the Lark".....G. A. Macfarren.  
Fackeltanz.....Meyerbeer.  
On Saturday evening, May 11, the German Liederkranz gave their fourth concert of the season, at their pleasant hall, with the following programme:

1. Suite, Op. 101.....Johachim Raff.  
2. "Mignon".....M. Nagler.  
Männerchor.  
3. a. "Soirées de Vienne," von Schubert, arraught von F. Liszt.  
b. "Warum?".....R. Schumann.  
c. "Invitation à la danse," von Weber, bearbeitet von Tausig.  
a. "Der Tod und das Maedchen," {  
b. "Aufenthalt," }.....F. Schubert.  
Concertstück für Posaune mit Orchesterbegleitung.....G. David.  
"Die erste Walpurgisnacht," Ballade für Soli, Chor und Orchester....F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

The Chorus in the "Walpurgisnacht," was very good; which was an agreeable surprise, as I have heard singing by this organization which was decidedly bad.

Wednesday evening, May 14th, the popular Garden concerts, which Mr. Theodore Thomas has made so famous, re-opened for the season. The Central Park Garden is still in the hands of Mrs. John Koch & Co., and the concerts are under the management of Mr. J. Gosche, who thoroughly understand how to make them attractive.

Last Thursday evening the orchestra was augmented to the same number of performers as that employed during the winter concert season: and it will be so maintained during the summer. This is done "to enable Mr. Thomas to give the works of the masters in a worthy manner." In order to cover the additional expense thus involved, the price of admission on Thursday evenings, will be increased to seventy-five cents. On other evenings the price will be fifty cents, as heretofore. The programmes on Thursday evenings will consist of music of the highest order, with an occasional sop to the public Cerberus in the form of a Strauss Waltz, which no one can fail to like. The attendance at these concerts has been very large, although during the first week of the season the weather was anything but summer-like.

The seven piano-forte recitals in which Rubinstein said farewell to America were very successful, but I must defer giving an account of them until my next letter. The great pianist sailed for Europe on Saturday in the Steamship Donau. One of the papers states that he took with him the neat sum of \$46,000 in gold, the same being the net result of his professional tour. This being the case it shows that an artist can be substantially rewarded in America, and that perhaps is the best kind of "appreciation."

A. A. C.

### The Cincinnati Festival.

THIRD DAY, MAY 8.

The Matinée of Thursday the children of the public schools bore an interesting part, presenting a scene which those familiar with our annual School Festivals in Boston can readily imagine. The Thomas Orchestra, on this occasion, was relieved by the Cincinnati Orchestra, M. Brand Conductor. Programme as follows; and by all accounts capably rendered:

Overture—"Euryanthe".....Weber.  
Morning Hymn.....Joseph Mehul,  
"See the Conquering Hero Comes".....Handel.  
Chorus.

Aria—"In Native Worth"—*Creation*.....Haydn.  
Mr. J. Nelson Varley.

"Lift Thine Eyes"—*Elijah*.....Mendelssohn.

"To Our Immortal Leader"—*Idomeneo*.....Mozart.  
Chorus.

Waltz—"Life Let us Cherish".....Strauss.  
Shadow Song—*Dinorah*.....Meyerbeer.

Mrs. Dexter.

"Welcome Mighty King"—*Saul*.....Handel.  
Chorus.

Overture—"Merry Wives of Windsor".....Nicolai.  
Orchestra.

Song—"Oh Ruddier than the Cherry"—*Actis and Galatea*.....Handel.

Mr. M. W. Whitney.

Venetian Boatman Song, *Back Vesper Hymn*, Beethoven. "The Cold Frost Came," Mendelssohn. "Land of our Fathers," Chorus.

Polka—*Schnell*—Par force.....Strauss.

Duet—"Ye Gay and Painted Fair"—*Seasons*, Haydn.  
Mrs. Dexter and Mr. Varley.

"Sound the Loud Timbrel," "America," "The Star Spangled Banner."

In the evening Concert the Festival, and the tide of enthusiasm, seems to have reached the climax. *Seven thousand people* in the audience, says the *Enquirer*; orchestra and chorus made a thousand more. Part I. comprised three numbers, of which the same journal says:

"Overture: Aria and Chorus; O Isis and Osiris; Chorus of Priests: *Magic Flute*, Mozart. Mr. Whitney, men's voices and orchestra." So was set forth the first of the concert, and it did not promise too much. The overture was simply magnificent. The aria and chorus was grand, and won plaudits from the vast assemblage.

"Chorus, 'Gypsy Life,' Op. 29, Schumann; adapted for orchestra, by C. G. P. Graedener; chorus," was the next announcement, and nobly was the promise fulfilled. At the close there were long and loud demands for a repetition, the first imperative *encore* of the chorus during the season. These were refused inexorably, and for a reason given below. The rendering of "Eine Faust Overture" (Wagner) by the orchestra, however, silenced complaint, and called down a storm of acclamation.

The Ninth Symphony, with Chorus, carried all before it. It is claimed that the quartet of solo singers (Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Annie Cary, Mr. Varley and Mr. Rudolphsen) did better here than in the New York Festival. As the thing succeeded, we cannot look for criticism, but only rhapsody, and our *Enquirer* has enough of it, for instance:

The rendering was beyond not only all criticism, but beyond all praise, last night. Superlatives are superfluous. From first to last the orchestra was perfection itself. And when it became apparent, as the composer admitted, that the theme of joy was heightened beyond the expression of instrumental music, the chorus came resounding in, all felt that Beethoven was right in exclaiming, "I have it! I have it!" and that his biographer was right in declaiming, "And thus it was the great composer not only made sure his footing on the height he had attained, but by the addition of the human voice rose into the empyrean." The effect was glorious beyond description. Thomas says it was "the Hall" that made it so effective. Miss Cary says it is the brilliant freshness of our American Western soprano voices. Whitney, whose experience is worldwide, declares that it was better than ever he dreamed of. Thomas also says that the New York Chorus (the Handel and Haydn of Boston) was trained to sing too slow, and even the sceptre he sways was insufficient to carry them on to the proper burst of harmony.

It may be that all were right, "but 'twas a glorious victory." It was the climax of the May Musical Festival.

The last notes had scarcely died away before the entire eight thousand people within the building were on their feet. Madness seemed to rule the hour. Amid a whirlwind of cheers, stamping, laughing, and we might almost say without exaggeration, crying, calls were heard of "Thomas!" "Thomas!" "The Chorus!" "The Chorus!" "Cary!" "Cary!" "Singer!" "Singer!" (Mr. Otto Singer is the gentleman who trained the chorus), and so on until the leader had bowed his acknowledgments again and again. Even then the people departed reluctantly, and not before a score of pretty girls from the chorus had forced their way into the lady soloist's dressing-room and rapped kisses from the overjoyed *prima donna contralto*.

FOURTH DAY, FRIDAY, MAY 9.

The closing day of course was a rich one, and at

the end of it the reporter of the New York *Tribune* telegraphed his fresh impressions, which we copy:

The great Musical Festival is virtually at an end. The incessant rains of the past two days and the drenching storms of to-day have rendered it impossible to give the proposed open air musical fete and dance to-morrow, and in place of them a concert will be given in the Exposition Hall. The programme has been extemporized from the week's music, so that no novelty will attach to it. The chorus has also dwindled down, so that only light music can be performed. The matinée to-day was well attended, notwithstanding the dreadful weather. The programme was the best yet given at an afternoon concert, but its execution was at times marred by the performance of the elements outside. In one instance, however, the effect was sublime. This was in the performance of the Leonore overture, which was given with a thunder accompaniment. During the rest which followed the trumpet peal the thunder rumbled as if Beethoven had scored it for an army of double basses, and all through the work its peals made a splendid background. The best features of the matinée were Rudolphsen's singing of the aria, "O Lord have Mercy," from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," the exquisite "Andante and Scherzo," from Schubert's Symphony in C; the "Kaiser Marsch," in which the choral was taken with tremendous power by the basses, Miss Cary's singing of the page's song, "No, No," in the "Huguenots," and the William Tell overture. After the concert, Mr. Singer, the New York drill-master, was presented with an elegant watch and chain by the chorus, as a token of their esteem and a souvenir of the festival.

At the evening concert the hall was crowded to suffocation, over 6,000 people being in attendance. The programme opened with the "Vorspiel an die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," the intensely dramatic passages of which were brought out with immense force. The second number was Schubert's Twenty-third Psalm, for female voices only. It is not very well adapted for a large building and audiences like this, as its harmony is very close, and some of its finest points are lost, but it afforded an opportunity to test the quality of the sopranos and altos, and they stood the test in freshness, richness, and refinement of tone. There is no other chorus in the country to equal them. One or two years drill and study would place them ahead of any chorus in every respect. The third number was Beethoven's grand Scene and Aria, the "Ah Perfido," which was sung by Mrs. Dexter. This was in reality the first time that her voice and general ability have been thoroughly tested, and it is only just to say she did not stand the test. She has not the method or the calibre to sing such a great dramatic air, and in addition to this she developed a constant tremble in the voice, which must be fatal to any important effort. The total result of her singing in the Festival has only shown that she is a good society singer with a high soprano voice of good quality and moderate power. She is far from being an artist, however. The first part of the programme closed with Liszt's "Tasso," which, as expressed by the orchestra, was a graphic tone picture.

Immediately after the "Tasso," Judge Matthews took the stage, and after a brief allusion to the remarkable success which had resulted in every detail of the Festival, he read an appeal signed by numerous citizens to the Executive Committee, asking that the May Festival be made an annual event hereafter, which was enthusiastically greeted by the audience. The Judge then put the matter to vote, and it was carried by a tremendous "Yea" of 6,000 voice power. The President of the Festival, George W. Nichols, then made a few remarks, in the course of which he tendered the thanks of the Committee to all who had participated in the Festival. Mr. Thomas was then loudly called for, and upon making his appearance received an enthusiastic ovation. His speech was very short, being as follows: "If I had the ability to speak, I should have a great deal to say."

The concert closed with "The First Walpurgis Night" and the "Hallelujah Chorus," Miss Cary and Messrs. Rudolphsen, Whitney, and Varley taking the solos in the former. The performance was an excellent one, and the chorus, as usual, acquitted itself admirably in the highly dramatic numbers. The only slip in the performance was made by Mr. Varley, who lost his time in one of the solos. The Festival now virtually over, has been one of the great musical events of the age. Its success is creditable to Cincinnati in every way. Theodore Thomas, in two weeks, has captured the East and the West, and dealt a death-blow to musical sham.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Let me kiss him ere I go Song and Cho. 3.  
To e. Hunley. 30

A simple home ballad about little Dollie, who wished to kiss Baby" before she died.

Starlight. Song and Dance. 3. C to f.

Maywood. 30

Gently comic, about stars and snow, and sleighs, and buffalo robes, and girls. Lively music.

Go forth, said the Master. Song and Cho. 3.  
Eb to e. Pierce. 48

"The whole world is bidden, and yet there is room."

Very good. Just what you may sing in the next Sabbath school concert.

Just touch the Harp gently, my pretty Louise. 3.  
G to e. Blamphain. 30

"Sing me the songs that I love."  
Louise couldn't do better, and perhaps would choose this agreeable melody.

When thou'lt meet thy Love again. 3. Ab to d.  
Concone. 30

"When the quiet moon is beaming,  
When the weary world is dreaming."

Very beautiful, and of very easy compass.

Lord, whom my inmost Soul adoreth. 3. C to c.  
Hiller. 30

"For every hope and consolation  
I turn to thee."  
A most impressive "sentence," which should be declaimed by a smooth Alto, Bass or Baritone voice.

The Pilgrim of Love. Recitative and Romance.  
Sung by Mr. Varley. 4. Db and Bb to f.  
Bishop. 40

"Orynthia, my beloved ! I call in vain !  
No rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love!"  
Brought to notice by the fine rendering of Mr. V. rley. Is classical, musical and worth at least 61-2 common Love-songs.

The Star of Love. Song and Cho. 3. Bb to f.  
Webster. 35

"At eve we launched our fairy boat  
With heart and hands a-quiver."  
Very different from Wallace's "Star of Love," published many years since. Good throughout, and has an unusually effective chorus.

Drifting into the harbor. 2. Eb to e. Webster. 35

"I am drifting from the sorrow  
From the weeping and the woe,"  
Good. One more of the beautiful ballads that show a little of the Light beyond the River.

#### Instrumental.

Sociable Galop. 3. Eb. Price. 30  
Has a peculiar, pretty, quaint kind of movement, and as originality is not so very common in Galops, this is well worth playing.

Alone I strayed Mazurka. 3. Ab. Doane. 40  
A beautiful thing which is already a favorite.

Heimweh. (Longing for Home). 4. Eb.  
Schonberg. 40

"Not Jungman's Heimweh, you will please to notice. Equally good, however."

Flower Song. (Blumenlied). 4. Eb. Lange. 50  
A rich, pleasing melody, which sings clearly and sweetly through all the piece.

Prayer from Moses. For Guitar. 3. C. Hayden. 25  
Well-known favorite.

Berceuse. (By Gounod). 4. F. Raff. 50  
Admirable study for a light touch in playing, and is a very graceful "Cradle Song."

Seven Octave Studies. Op. 48. Th. Kullak. 2.00  
Most players will have their hands full in playing these powerful things, which belong to persons who can conquer pieces of the 5th or 6th degrees of difficulty. Magnificent for training arms and wrists.

Arabesken. (Arabesques). Short Pieces by Isidor Seiss. ea. 25

Introduction. 3. C. Making the Wreath. 3. F.  
Ballad. 3. G. Earnest Life. 3. E min.

A peculiar and graceful title for pieces which are prevented by a touch of quaintness from being either Nocturnes, Reveries or Songs without Words, but have an excellent quality of their own.

Palace March. 3. D. Lyon. 30  
A first-class march, worthy to be heard in a palace.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

